

Black Sheep

by Acidika

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Summary: Strength comes from within oneself. And with that strength comes confidence and power. To take away that personal strength is a most heinous act of abuse. Alice suffered that exact fate at the hands of her father, who got caught for his actions... But her vindictive mother couldn't handle the truth of the matter. Rated M for sexual content, language, violence and dark themes.

1. Chapter 1

**A/N: Story was inspired by a late night conversation with my mother. **

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><p>Alice had her nose pressed against the cool glass of the aquarium, her eyes darting from fish to fish. Her expression was plastered by large goofy smile as she enjoyed the vibrant colours and quick movements of the tropical waterlife.<p>

Behind her stood Chris and Claire Redfield. Both of them were enjoying themselves too, but in a different way. They got to sit back and relax while their mutual girlfriend had her face to the glass, having the time of her life.

After a while, Alice turned her head and noticed the nearly identical goofy smirks on both of her partners faces, and her expression momentarily darkened with a shadow of confusion and worry. She suddenly took her hand away from the glass, walking back to them with a forced neutral expression to hide her disappointment.

"Hey, what happened?" Claire was the first to notice the sudden change. One second, Alice was the happiest person in the aquarium, now she looked half-dead.

"It's nothing..." Alice replied instantly, her voice low.

"Bullshit, it's nothing. Tell me what's wrong." Claire nudged her brother, who gently lead Alice to the bench they'd commandeered.

"You two don't look like you're having any fun." Alice finally managed to collect her darkened thoughts into a coherent enough sentence. "I'm kinda ignoring you two as well..."

"Of course we are!" Claire was actually surprised. "And why would you having fun in your own way bother us in the slightest? I actually think you're cuter when you're smiling, y'know." Claire smiled as she hooked her curled finger under Alice's jaw and lifted it up just in time to see her crack a smile for the rather truthful joke. Alice really did have an amazing smile, which by itself could brighten any room.

"Why don't we grab something to eat, then we can head back to our place and fire up some Payday. How many more heists do we need to do for that mask you're trying to get?"

Alice looked up hopefully at the promise of food, but then she had to think hard about the number of unfinished heists she had left to complete for her Very Hard Skull mask. "I think we still have, like... a dozen left to do."

"Then we'd better get going if we want to make some progress." Chris smiled warmly as he gently kissed Alice's cheek.

* * *

><p>After stopping at their favourite local pub for some food to go, they all returned to Chris and Claire's place and settled down to play Payday 2. Of course, Alice had her laptop in her messenger bag at all times, so she just had to unpack it and plug in the power cord as she laid on her stomach on the floor. Chris likewise had a laptop, while Claire had a desktop, so she sat at her desk while they got the multiplayer session started.<p>

After two of the dozen heists on Alice's list had been completed, they were all suddenly startled by Alice's cellphone ringing... With a very specific custom ringtone.

Luckily they were doing a stealth only heist, so Alice simply hid in a safe spot and brought the phone to her ear.

"Go pick up milk, eggs and flour from the store. And grab the mail on your way back." With no introductory hello, her mother barked the order at her, which was audible for the Redfield siblings, before immediately hanging up the phone.

"Sis, you think you can solo the rest while I give her a drive?" Chris looked up at his sister, who was the only one not hiding ingame.

"I just need you to do the other keycard, then I can do everything else. You two just need to get back to the escape van." Claire nodded confidently. "Alice, just run to the escape, then leave your laptop here. While you get ready, Chris and I will do the keycards for the vault for the Samurai Armour, okay?"

"You still have an ECM, just in case?" Alice asked as she complied with the request, passing Chris' character in the sewers.

"I have both of mine. Trust me, I'll be fine." Claire was the resident stealth expert. She'd mastered nearly every stealthable heist in the game, including the one they were currently doing, Shadow Raid. "Sounds like the brat's burning another cake, huh?"

"You could say that again." Alice replied grimly as she reached the escape van and made her character climb into the back alongside Chris. She didn't say anything as she glanced at the burn scar on the back of her left hand from the last time her little sister, Sherry, burned an attempt at making a cake for no fucking reason.

Alice was just shrugging her jacket onto her shoulders when Chris joined her at the front door with a kiss. "I'll pay for it this time."

"No, I..." Alice looked worried, not wanting to make Chris pay for her errand.

"It's my money, babe." Chris spoke reassuringly into her ear as he gently hugged her. "You can pay me back with a game of League, okay?"

Alice made a face at the mention of League of Legends. She wasn't much of a fan of the e-sport, really only getting into it to understand what Chris sometimes talked about. "Fine... One game of League."

"Alright, let's get going, before your mom pops a blood vessel waiting."

* * *

><p>Alice's mother was standing in the front door, her arms crossed and her foot tapping in near-livid annoyance.<p>

Suddenly her ears detected the sound of a vehicle entering the driveway, and she peered through the small window in the door to see Chris Redfield's Honda Civic pulling to a halt.

Of course, the lazy brat manipulated the boy into driving her to the store instead of walking there her damn self. Figures.

Alice kept her head down as Chris leaned into the back seat to retrieve the groceries and the small stack of mail. "Th-thanks..." She mumbled self-consciously. She could already sense her mother's anger from the safety of the car.

"Jinx is free this week, want me to play Thresh or Leona?" Chris gently lifted her chin, just like Claire did at the aquarium. Alice's

eyes lit up at the mention of her favourite League of Legends Champion.

"Thresh... please." Alice averted her gaze for a moment before allowing Chris to give her a kiss.

"Want me to come in with you, to keep her polite?" Chris asked as he shut the engine off.

"You don't have to..." Alice was embarrassed about the subtle display of defiance that Chris was requesting. Her mother was already angry over something, so she didn't want to make things worse.

"But I want to." Chris smiled warmly, once again showing his loyalty to Alice. "C'mon, let's not delay the inevitable."

Alice quickly scurried out of the car and hung her head as her mother wrenched the front door open and started talking at her, like always.

"I should've expected a stunt like that from you, lazy fucking brat. Put the bags on the counter and empty the dishwasher so Sherry can get started on her cake. I better not find a single fucking thing out of place when I come to inspect your work. Go now."

Alice's heart started racing, and her hands were shaking violently as she kicked her shoes off and marched past her mother, only to hear Chris start talking to her from the door.

"Mrs. Abernathe, there was an incident at the aquarium earlier, Alice had an anxiety attack, so she started feeling sick. You called while we were about to drive her home, so I apologize for the delay. We had to turn around to pick up the ingredients and your mail."

Alice's cheeks turned pink at Chris' thoughtful cover story. She dutifully got to work on her assigned task without a word. Without realizing it, hearing Chris cover for her actually calmed her heartbeat and shaking hands.

"Another one of those fake attacks, huh?" Her mother raised an eyebrow skeptically. "When is she going to stop with that cock and bull story and learn to face her problems?"

"I assure you, Mrs. Abernathe, she really did have an anxiety attack. If my sister hadn't been there to help, I wouldn't be the one telling you about it. It would be a paramedic telling you which hospital your daughter is in for suddenly going into cardiac arrest." Chris spoke in a level tone, ignoring her mother's condescending tone.

"So she's not taking her medication again. Typical lazy brat, more obsessed with her video games than her responsibilities and school." Her mother rolled her eyes.

"Actually, Mrs. Abernathe, she took her medication about half an hour early today, once she recovered from her anxiety attack. You can call my sister for further verification." Once again, Chris remained calm. He wasn't a rookie when it came to this sort of conversation.

Alice could hear the whole conversation from the kitchen, her cheeks nearly scarlet with pleased embarrassment. In her mind, she was

smiling, despite her actual expression being carved from stone.

She knew a certain someone was going to receive a most excellent blowjob for his valiant efforts.

2. Chapter 2

****Hey bby hru?****

****Tired, I can't sleep.****

****Nitemares?****

****Nah, just my insomnia this time.****

****U gonna write 2nite?****

****Probably. Might just watch some porn and hope I pass out.****

****Send me link?****

****I haven't found anything good yet. Gimme a few minutes to look.****

****KK.****

Alice smiled at Claire's late night texts. As usual, her grammar and spelling were atrocious. She wasn't a writer like Alice, she was more hands on and visual.

So, scrolling through more porn in the vain hope of something catching her eye, Claire suddenly sent another text.

****Btw...****

****What is it?**** Alice was quick to reply, raising an eyebrow.

****I love you.****

Alice's face broke into the first smile since she'd gotten home. Hell, Claire even took the extra three seconds to spell everything properly and even added a period at the end.

****I love you too, Claire-bear.****

*** * ***

><p>Alice suddenly jolted awake as her phone's alarm blared in her outstretched hand. She somehow managed to fall asleep, she thought with a bit of surprise. She quickly dismissed the song that played to wake her up, Doki Doki Morning, by Babymetal, and threw her blankets off her legs before heading into one of the very few privileges she possessed at home.<p>

Her own bathroom.

Alice's house's entire basement was custom built by the previous owner, and it currently had two purposes. The first, which was the

main reason, was storage. About half of the whole basement was devoted to storage. The other half could best be described as a basement apartment designed to accommodate a single person. That person, of course, was Alice.

There was a full bathroom, a fairly small bedroom, a nice sized living room, and a small kitchenette, complete with sink, mini fridge and microwave. She also had her own coffee machine.

Of course, it was also partitioned from the rest of the basement by a sturdy door. So in a sense, it was a separate world, just for her.

After her morning shower, Alice covered herself with a towel and padded across the living room to turn on her Keureg machine, making herself a coffee with rigorous scheduling. By the time she was finished getting herself dressed for school, the coffee was just beginning to pour into her travel mug.

As usual, she took a sip to invigorate herself for the worst ten minutes of her day...

"Alice, get up here!"

Alice wasn't even out of her apartment when her mother's angry voice called from the top of the stairs. She sighed as she opened the sturdy door and quickly locked it behind her. Sherry wasn't allowed in there for any reason, but that rule didn't seem to stop her from trying to sneak inside and stealing - or planting - things that shouldn't be.

Alice slowly trudged up the basement staircase, finding her mother already glaring at her for no explicable reason.

"Medication! Now!" She snapped, and Alice reached into her inner jacket pocket and produced the two medication bottles from inside.

"Take them."

With practiced ease, Alice popped the lids off with her thumb, shaking out the proper dosage onto the top of her coffee's travel mug and then skillfully resealing the bottles as her mother counted the pills.

"Good, now swallow them, and show me."

Alice did as she was ordered, swallowing the medication without needing to drink her coffee. She didn't react as her mother grabbed her jaw with one hand and forced it open, feeling around inside her mouth with two fingers.

"Walk Sherry to the bus stop."

"I'm already late myself." Alice dared to inform her mother about the circumstances. "She's fine to walk on her..."

SMACK!

Her mother slapped her before she could even finish the

sentence.

"She's_ twelve_!"

"You didn't seem to care about this exact scenario when I was ten." Alice glared at her mother defiantly. "So the brat can walk her damn self. I am already late, and last time I checked, I'm paying to go to school, she's not."

"Don't you dare take that tone with me, you fucking _retard_." Her mother got aggressively close to Alice, who started to see red.

"Don't you dare call me that..." She spoke in a low voice, her face a livid scowl. "You have no idea what I've been through."

"You're nothing but a filthy fucking lying retard. You put your father in prison with your need for attention."

WHAM!

Alice did it. She punched her mother as hard as she could, causing the older woman's head to turn from the impact.

"He raped me." Alice spoke in an icy calm voice, even though her heart and mind were absolutely racing. "He took advantage of me and he got caught. You're next, I swear to god, I will tear you down if it's the last thing I do."

"You don't have the guts." Her mother glared at her, unwilling to admit that Alice's punch actually hurt her.

"_Watch me_." Alice smirked before shoving her mother aside and leaving the house.

* * *

><p>Chris and Claire arrived within ten minutes, and all it took from them was one glance to know that school was the last thing of Alice's mind. She'd been sitting at their usual meeting place out of sight of her mother, crying her eyes out.<p>

"C'mon, I'll call your professors." Claire helped her stand up the second she got out of Chris' car. "It's gonna be alright, babe. I'm right here."

* * *

><p>"I understand, thank you, Miss Redfield. I will email Miss Abernath today's lecture notes. Goodbye." Alice's professor slowly hung up the phone, letting out a sigh.<p>

After a moment, he brought up Alice's file on his computer, reading through the provided medical information until he came across a very important portion of her psychological analysis.

"PTSD... Severe anxiety... depression... Sensory Integration Disorder, Interment Explosive Disorder, history of violence towards peers. Oh my..." He came to a sudden realization.

* * *

><p>"You wanna head back to our place for some more Payday?" Claire asked as they ate breakfast at a local diner.<p>

"No, I..." Alice stared at her simple breakfast solemnly. "I really wanted to go to class today."

"Wasn't today your presentation?" Chris asked, his arm around her shoulders, rubbing her arm to comfort his distraught girlfriend.

"Yeah, and you both know how much time I put into that, even with the fucking Dragon breathing down my neck every five seconds." Alice frowned in defeat.

The Dragon was the nickname for Alice's mother, because she thought she was this all powerful being that had all the knowledge in the world.

"Well, your professor said that since you're not in the right headspace today, he's willing to postpone the presentation for whenever you're ready." Claire explained her conversation with the teacher from earlier. "He won't even remove marks for this either."

Alice sighed with relief, closing her eyes as she allowed her head to lean on Chris' shoulder. "C-can we just... go back to your place for now?"

"After you eat." Claire replied sternly. "It's so unusual to see you not eating the food we put in front of you."

"I just..." Alice felt awkward about her lack of appetite. The stress from dealing with her mother had robbed her of the ability to eat, her mouth was dry and her hands were shaking again.

"'Scuse me, miss? Can we get this to go?" Claire hailed a passing waitress, who whisked away the food before Alice could blink.

"Uh..." Alice gawked at the suddenly cleared table as Claire smiled coyly at her.

"You better finish that bacon in the car, is that understood, missy?"

Alice hung her head instinctively. It sounded too much like an order from the Dragon, even though she knew Claire would never do that to her. _Ever_. She nodded without a word.

3. Chapter 3

Alice managed to eat a majority of the breakfast during the drive back, not just the bacon. But, by the end she just couldn't eat anymore without making herself feel even worse, so she just silently closed the Styrofoam container and placed it on her knees, sitting ramrod straight with her anxious gaze darting around at random.

Chris noticed her change in posture in the rear view mirror and spoke up.

"Do you need me to pull over?"

"No, no..." Alice shook her head as she took a moment to ground herself. "I... um..." She paused, collecting her chaotic thoughts. "I... just want to lay down."

"We're almost there, think you can hold off for another couple of minutes?" Chris asked, his voice full of concern.

"Y-yes... I can do that." Alice took a moment to assess herself before concluding with confidence that she could handle it.

"If you do fall asleep, I can carry you inside, Princess." Chris smiled at Alice's embarrassment. Princess was his and Claire's nickname for her, and Alice didn't exactly see herself as one, so she felt very self conscious whenever they called her that.

* * *

><p>She did. All of the stress and her anxiety had been draining her the whole drive back from the diner. The only thing that had been keeping her awake was the dutiful way she'd been eating her breakfast. But now that she'd stopped, she was asleep with her head against the side window.<p>

"Grab her bag, I did promise." Chris pulled the car to a halt in the driveway. He carefully extracted his slumbering girlfriend in a princess carry and followed Claire into their house.

"Considering all the shit she has and still goes through, I'm surprised she doesn't drink herself stupid, do drugs, or even tried to kill herself." Claire spoke up as Chris carried her to Claire's bed and carefully put her down.

"That's because she's got us." Chris replied. "Unlike the rest of the people in her life, we actually listen to her. She has a voice, but her mother's always trying to silence her into being a slave."

"There's been so many times that I've wanted to punch that woman..." Claire frowned as Alice stirred slightly in her sleep before rolling over with a content sigh.

"Judging by the bruises on her knuckles, I think she beat you to that privilege." Chris indicated the marks on Alice's left hand, which were easily identifiable as evidence of her defiance towards her mother.

"Better have been worth it." Claire frowned as she sat in her desk chair and leaned back to lovingly gaze at her sleeping polyamorous lover.

Alice was bisexual. But, she was dating both of the Redfields at the same time in a polyamorous relationship. She was both of their girlfriend. However, neither of the Redfields were interested in incest, so they shared Alice, that was it. What one did with her

wasn't the other's business. That being said, they did occasionally have a threesome with her, whenever she was feeling up for it... or when there was enough alcohol involved. They were all of legal drinking age, of course.

"Somehow... I don't think it was, in the long run." Chris couldn't shake the feeling that something was stirring on the horizon.

* * *

><p>Alice slowly opened her eyes, the only sound she could hear was a chirping songbird coming from somewhere outside and the sound of someone else's breathing behind her back. She blearily turned her head to see that Claire had fallen asleep with her, spooning her back with one arm loosely draped over her thigh while the other supported her own head.<p>

Alice couldn't quite get her thoughts in a straight line, but she assumed that she fell asleep in the car and Chris carried her into their house. Claire probably joined her after an unknown interval of time.

After a few minutes of mentally collecting herself, Alice slowly sat up, which woke up Claire with a groan.

"Yo." Claire regarded her girlfriend with a goofy smile. "How you feeling?"

"Better, thanks." Alice propped herself up on one elbow to regard the redhead beside her. "What time is it?"

"Well, I fell asleep pretty much right away when I join you... and that was like... ten thirty?" Claire looked around to find her phone, but Chris passed the open bedroom and provided the time.

"It's two fifteen."

"Hooray for lazy days." Alice smiled as she lovingly pulled Claire closer to her by the waist. "And for sexy girlfriends."

Claire kissed her collarbone with a glint in her eye. "You didn't share any porn with me last night."

"It was all shit." Alice replied. "I fell asleep before I found anything worth watching."

"Shame." Claire trailed several small kisses up the side of Alice's rather warm neck, then along her jawline before finally reaching her destination of Alice's lips.

* * *

><p>Alice's phone rang from her jacket pocket while she was stroking Claire's hair during their afterglow. She glanced over at it, worried, but then realized it was her normal ringtone. It wasn't the Dragon.<p>

However, before she could do much else, Chris leaned into the door and extracted the phone, glancing at the number with a raised eyebrow.

"Telemarketer. He called here a few days ago." Chris declined the call before gently tossing Alice her phone and leaving them alone.

"Well they can fuck off, I'm busy right now." Alice rolled onto her other side, now facing Claire on the bed with the light blankets covering themselves.

"How are you feeling, my Princess?" Claire planted a gentle kiss onto Alice's forehead.

"Much better, I've been really stressed, what with school, the Dragon, and all my anxiety and shit." Alice took stock of herself for a moment. "But just being with the two of you really helps me stay calm."

"That's good." Claire nuzzled against Alice's warm neck again. "You're so warm, feels really good."

"I've always had a high body temperature." Alice admitted. "Really helps counteract living underground."

"Are you saying that as a joke, or as a fact?" Claire spoke into Alice's collarbone, her eyes half closed. She was so comfortable after their sex session that she was beginning to nod off.

"Fact. Living in a basement means that it's a few degrees colder than above ground. It's physics. Heat rises, cold sinks." Alice explained, in a surprising display of literary intelligence. Alice was more of an art smart than a science smart.

"No wonder you're taller than me." Claire pouted, her eyes now completely closed. "You should get the fuck down here some times and get on my level."

Alice's eyes glinted with a sudden idea at Claire's witty comment. She smiled as she suddenly disappeared under the blanket, faster than Claire's sleepy brain could process what was happening until Claire's eyes snapped open and she yelped in surprise as she felt Alice's ironically cold tongue caressing her inner thighs.

"Alice!?" Claire tried to grasp the obstructive blanket, but her hands were shaking too much for much success. Her breathing picked up as Alice continued to tease her, adding her hands after a few moments. She wasn't prepared for the strange conflicting temperatures of Alice's cold tongue and hot fingers.

* * *

><p>Alice's mother hung up the phone with a rare warm smile on her face. Sherry immediately noticed the smile and spoke up.<p>

"What did the retard do this time?"

"Nothing that I'm aware of. Anyway, Sherry dear, I have some lovely news for you."

Sherry said nothing, waiting for her mother to continue speaking.

"I've got a date this evening, his name's Calvin and he's very nice." She was clearly excited about her date, but Sherry's raised eyebrow and sudden question made her smile falter slightly.

"What's the retard gonna think of this?"

"She has no say in the matter." Her mother smirked, her expression oddly dark.

* * *

><p>Later in the evening, Alice felt confident enough to walk home from the Redfield's house - which wasn't very far, about a five minute walk - only to come home to an unfamiliar car sitting in the driveway.<p>

Alice had half a mind to head back to her partners, but she was so confident when she left, she didn't want to disappoint them with such a rapid return.

So, walking into the front door, she was immediately greeted by a very unwelcome sight sitting at her feet; There was a pair of work boots that clearly didn't belong to any of her family.

Next was the sound of her mother's laugh, followed by the sound of a gravelly British man speaking.

Her mother brought a man home...

Alice's heart began hammering in her chest. She was not comfortable with this, and her instincts were telling her to run. This was clearly all orchestrated by her mother, trying to get back at Alice for the incident that morning.

Alice must have made some sort of involuntary sound, because the laughter suddenly stopped and her mother instantly called out. "I know you're there, get in here. Now."

Alice couldn't breathe very well as she slowly came around the entrance of the living room to find her sitting with a rough shaven man, which included his head and facial hair.

"Hey there, love. Who might you be?" The man asked, sounding politely curious.

"Alice." She spoke quietly, unable to speak due to her heart beating somewhere in her throat from anxiety and fear.

"Didn't catch that, could you say again?" The man genuinely didn't hear her speak, so she repeated her name a bit louder. "Lovely to meet you, Alice. My name's Calvin." He stood up suddenly and held out his hand, which caused Alice to take an equally sudden step back, her expression full of fear.

"She's not very social." Her mother commented as she took a sip of her martini.

Alice's recoil had put her up against the opposite wall, and she was beginning to look around in panic.

"Well, my bad love. Didn't mean to scare ya." Calvin lowered his hand and sat back down with a strange glint in his eye.

"Leave." Her mother glared at her daughter, who didn't even roll her eyes, darting down the basement stairs as fast as she could and hurrying into her personal sanctuary, locking the heavy door behind her before sliding her back down the inner surface with a huge gasp for breath before she started crying.

4. Chapter 4

"That is all. Does anyone have any questions?" Alice felt completely proud of what she just accomplished. After all her efforts - and numerous interruptions - she'd finally completed her presentation for her college class. Much to her surprise and slight shock, the whole class stood up and started to give her a round of applause.

"I have a question, Miss Abernathie." Her professor stood up from his desk with a smile on his face. "How do you feel you did on this presentation?"

Alice didn't quite understand the exact context he was referring to. "I'm sorry, sir?"

"It's not easy to do such a large scale presentation before your peers, I'm sure, so tell me... did you think this presentation was successful?" He rephrased his question, and Alice understood.

"Y-yes sir. I believe this presentation was a success." She replied as he handed over the marking sheet. She looked down at it and her eyes widened with surprise and a glint of pride twinkled in her eyes.

"Well done, Alice." He nodded encouragingly. "Now, take your seat, so I can begin my lecture for the day."

* * *

><p>"OH MY GOD YOU DID IT!" Claire was super excited, hugging Alice the instant she showed her the perfect marks she'd received for the long awaited public speaking exercise. "We should totally celebrate this tonight!"<p>

"Not tonight..." Alice shook her head. "I'm so burnt right now, I couldn't even play Payday. Another night, alright?"

"Promise?" Claire raised an eyebrow, to which Alice nodded.

"I promise."

* * *

><p>True to her word, Alice and her two partners went out to celebrate. Since Alice was constantly at the mercy of her severe social anxiety, they kept the affair simple; a fun dinner at the local pub - which had amazing food - and a fiery threesome back at the Redfield's place.<p>

After everything died down and they could finally relax, Alice finally felt a moment of utter peace inside of her own head. No Dragon breathing down her neck, no anxiety, her PTSD and numerous mental disorders were behaving themselves, and to top it all off... she'd just gotten laid by her two lovers.

Before she knew it, she'd fallen asleep. However, the next thing she knew, she was safe in her own bed in her basement apartment with a warm blanket covering her.

Glancing around, she noticed her phone's message light was blinking, so she opened the message and read the note from Chris and Claire.

"You fell asleep, Princess, so we brought you home. Dragon was out with some guy named Calvin, according to your sister. Hope you had fun, we sure did. Give us a call when you're awake, so we know you're alright."

Alice smiled as she navigated her phone's menus to call Chris - who was almost always within arms reach of his cellphone - and held the device to her ear.

Within ten seconds, Chris picked up and by the sound of his voice, he was smiling just like her.

"How did you sleep, my Princess?"

"I slept better listening to your heartbeat through your chest, honestly." Alice teased him for a moment. "Where's Claire?"

"She's in the bathroom right now." Chris replied. "So, I've been meaning to ask you... Who is that Calvin your sister mentioned?"

"Dragon's new boyfriend, it seems." Alice involuntarily shrugged. "Not very attractive, kinda on the tall side. British. I believe he's a carpenter? Some sort of tradesman, I dunno."

"So what do you think of him?" Chris asked, clearly putting a mental image of the man together.

"He was polite when I met him, but I... um..." Alice stopped to put her usual chaotic thoughts in order. "I get a strange vibe from him, but I can't figure out what it is about him."

"Maybe he's really a good guy. We both know that not every man's like your dad... No offense, of course..." Chris sighed.

"No, no... I feel like bashing the freak for a bit. Go for it." Alice was generally rather tight-lipped about her father under any circumstances, so anyone that mentioned him require a very good reason to do so.

After the much needed flush of hatred from her system, Alice spoke with Claire for a few more minutes until she suddenly heard her mother and Calvin returning.

"Dragon is back, and she brought her limey with her." Alice scowled, glancing upwards as she heard the British man's distinctive rumbling

voice through the floor.

"New name for him?" Claire asked, her interest piqued. "Code name him Limey or something?"

"Works for me." Chris admitted from nearby - the siblings were on speaker - and Alice agreed.

"Yeah, that's probably the best name for him." Alice bent forward to tap at her laptop's keyboard. It was placed on her low coffee table with the power cord plugged in near her TV.

Once the Skype call was open, she smiled at Claire before hanging up and enabling her computer's microphone.

"Loving the PJ's, super sexy." Claire quipped the second the mic came online.

"I figured it was you." Alice smiled before laying on her couch, facing the redhead on her screen.

She woke up to find herself in the one set of pajamas that she didn't wear often, a light camisole and short shorts. Both were hot pink, a colour she wasn't particularly fond of wearing. The PJ's were a gift from Claire for her last birthday, so she couldn't bring herself to get rid of them for any possible reason.

"I have a distinctive style." Claire sounded rather proud, totally undenyng of her actions.

"See, that's the thing. I love the style of these... Just not the colour. Too bright for me." Alice held up her hands, smiling slightly.

"At least you're being honest. I thought you hated them in general." Claire grinned cheekily. "Still... I got a great rack shot when you started the call, and an even better ass shot when you turned to lay down." She tapped at a few keys, then sent the two screenshots to Alice with a rather victorious glint in her eyes.

"_Pervert._" Alice stuck her tongue.

* * *

><p>Alice eventually fell asleep on the couch, long after the Skype call with Claire ended. She'd had a really good day, so for once she actually got a good night's sleep, especially considering that her couch wasn't very comfortable to sleep on.<p>

* * *

><p>The next morning, Alice woke up and went about her usual morning routine with a rather cheerful glow about her. Today was definitely starting out as one of the best in a long time.<p>

Alice didn't have class today, but she did have to work in a few hours. She really enjoyed her job despite how long her hours were. The pay was great, and the work was really easy.

So, she got herself dressed in her work uniform, straightening her

necktie in her bathroom mirror with a very sharp and professional look to her. She held her tall frame perfectly straight, and her gaze was strong and sharp.

Of course, she had her medication tucked into a designated pouch on her belt. All of her immediate employees were trained in how to assist her with any medication or medical aid, if needed.

"I'm beginning to see why Claire has that fetish for business attire..." She joked to herself as she fastened her medical alert bracelet to her wrist, the only real accessory she was permitted to wear at work. She smirked as the clasp clicked into place before she left her apartment, locked it behind her, and slid her high heels onto her feet before leaving the house to get a ride from Chris.

5. Chapter 5

Alice was a secretary. It wasn't particularly spectacular or anything, but she got paid well and it wasn't difficult work for her skillset. She also really liked the company...

The Umbrella Corporation.

Without them and their medical research - not to mention their medication - she wouldn't be alive to see the day.

In addition to her multitude of psychological issues - born with, and developed over time - Alice had epilepsy. It wasn't particularly severe, but it was enough to be annoying to her. She was rather fortunate, she could play video games and watch light shows and other 'triggers' that most people with it would have a seizure.

In the past month, Alice only had two seizures. Both of them were in the safety of the Redfield residence, so the aid was quick and efficient. Claire was trained in basic first aid for her own job as a mechanic apprentice, and Chris, who was taking the college courses to join the Raccoon Police Department, also had first aid training, but his was more extensive than hers. Regardless, they both knew what to do.

After her lunch break, her boss, Chairman Albert Wesker, came out of his office with a dossier of documents.

"Miss Abernathe, could you fax these to Doctor Jon Issacs. These are the documents he requested."

"Of course, sir." Alice accepted the files and got to her task right away.

"If you don't mind me asking, have you eaten yet?" Wesker asked, glancing at Alice as she organized the papers and set them into the fax machine.

"About ten minutes ago, sir. I brought some leftover dinner." Alice replied, finishing the send process and starting the fax machine.

"Good. I don't want you passing out from hunger, or worse." Wesker

smiled warmly. He was one of the ones that was trained in her medical conditions, so he knew what to do in case she had a seizure.

"I'm alright sir. Will that be all before your meeting with Sir Spencer at 12:45?" Alice regarded her boss carefully. He apparently had his moments of being quite a dick, but in general, the Austrian man meant well and never overstepped the line between them as employer and employee. She of course, trusted him because of that, something that was very hard for her to truly do to anyone.

* * *

><p>Calvin and Alice's mother were relaxing in the living room, watching a cooking show when Alice walked in the front door. She was tired from her long day at work, and as much as she liked them, her feet were killing her from her heels. She was quick to get them off, but apparently not quick enough.<p>

"Alice? Is that you, love?" It was Calvin.

Alice peered around the living room to see him looking over at her curiously while her mother didn't even spare her a glance.

"Before you go downstairs, could you do me a small favour love? I left my phone in the kitchen, could you grab it? It's the BlackBerry." He gently pointed in the direction of the kitchen, and Alice glanced towards the staircase before noticing that she could see his phone from where she was.

With a silent nod, Alice retrieved the device and handed it to him without a word. He nodded and smiled in thanks, then she snatched up her high heels in one hand and retreated to her apartment.

* * *

><p>Doctor Jon Issacs examined the files that had been faxed to him by Chairman Wesker, taking particular note of the recipient's medical history. Certain aspects could easily be remedied for the better, but certain ones were beyond the scope of his capabilities. There was only so much that science could fix.<p>

"Alice... Abernathe, hmmm? I hope things turn out for the better for you after all of this is finished." Issacs spoke genuinely, since he couldn't possibly understand what the young woman had gone through in her life.

* * *

><p>Alice rarely received mail. At best, it was a cute love letter from Claire, or some sort of survey crap. But the envelope in between the bills for her mother clearly had her name on it. Even more unusual was the fact it was from Umbrella.<p>

"Anything worth my attention?" Her mother scowled at Alice when she brought the mail in.

"Mostly bills." Alice spoke in a low voice, having one eye still on the letter from work. "I got a letter from work, but other than that, it's just a flyer for that new pizza place that opened near the college."

Alice handed over the relevant envelopes and disappeared into her apartment. Calvin wasn't visiting today, so her mother was back to her usual bitchy self. Alice of course, wanted no part of that, so she was safe behind the door to her apartment before she opened the letter from Umbrella.

Even after rereading the message several times, Alice still couldn't believe what she was reading. Umbrella wanted her for a clinical test trial for a new drug. The compensation was quite good, of course, but it was their reasoning for choosing her. "We believe you have the necessary mental and physical attributes for this trial. Of course, your participation is not mandatory, but is entirely a volunteer basis. Should you wish to accept, please speak to your boss, Chairman Wesker."

* * *

><p>"You sure you want to go through with this?" Claire was biting her lip and squirming slightly at the sight of Alice in her sharp uniform. Her tall blonde girlfriend was sexy as fuuuuuck~!<p>

"Where's the harm in trying it out? They're paying me two grand up front, and another three upon completion of the tests." Alice waved her hand dismissively. "I don't really see much of a problem in this."

It was true. She spoke to Wesker over the phone about making her decision after speaking to an acquaintance - that person being Claire - and that she'd call him back after their conversation.

"So what's the drug for?" Claire asked, still trying not to drool like a moron. Alice was being a total bitch right now, and she didn't realize it.

"The letter didn't say. But Wesker told me it's just called T." Alice gestured to the nearby letter and envelope. "Said it's designed for a variety of things, he couldn't list them all."

"Sounds interesting. How long is the trial?" Claire asked, impressed.

Alice held up one finger. "One week. They said after the week is over, I get a full medical examination to test the effects, and the rest of my money."

"Then I guess that's that. Go for it." Claire voiced her final approval, so Alice took her nearby phone and dialed Wesker's number.

After a few rings, he picked up, already aware that Alice would be calling him back. "Your decision, Miss Abernathe?"

"I've spoken to my acquaintance, and we've decided to accept the trial for T." Alice replied, feeling confident in her choice to go through with it.

"Excellent, I shall speak to Doctor Issacs to begin preparations for the trial. I'll relay the relevant meeting information on your next

official work shift."

"Understood, sir. Thank you." Alice ended the call, and realized a split second too late that Claire was smiling like a feral predator.

The next thing she knew, Claire was holding her down on her couch by the shoulders with one knee forced between her skirt-restricted knees while the other was firmly supporting herself on the floor.

"You're a bitch, y'know... Looking so damn sexy and making me suffer." Claire smirked at Alice's momentarily shocked expression, only to be replaced by a sly grin.

"Think you can handle all this?" She winked as she snaked her arms around Claire's back and pulled her down on top of herself.

6. Chapter 6

Alice glanced around anxiously as the scientists, Wesker and someone that gave her the impression of a lawyer conversed as she was escorted into the laboratory by a female security guard.

She wasn't nervous, per se, she was just unaccustomed to her surroundings. She'd rarely ever ventured out of the administrative areas of the Corporation, so this area, the medical sector, was entirely foreign to her.

"Ah, Miss Abernathe, please, come in. Could you take a seat, we have a short discussion before we proceed with administering T for you."

Alice nodded in understanding, sitting on the offered chair as Issacs and the lawyer sat across from her.

"Now, to put things simply... This is still an experimental drug, hence the letter as a name, rather than a full name. Because of this, there are some documents that require your signature. By all means, if you disagree with anything, you can cancel your participation at any time." The lawyer started explaining the papers that were arranged before them. "Do you agree with these arrangements?"

Alice nodded, then accepted the pen being handed to her, signing her name on the forms with complete consent. She had no inkling that she was being forced and felt proud in her choice.

Once the documents were finished, Doctor Issacs gestured for her to accompany him to a nearby workstation that had been set up.

"Now, Miss Abernathe, T is administered via an injection, requiring two such injections at a time. One green, the other, blue. By design, they are required to be injected into opposite sides of the body. So, we'll assist you in the dosage for today, then monitor you for the next hour, then you are free to leave." Issacs explained as Alice shrugged off her jacket. "Of course, since we already have your banking information being an official employee, your funds are being transferred at this very moment. By the time you arrive at home, it will all be in your account."

Alice nodded in understanding. "Alright, sir. Should I administer my dosages at home on a particular schedule?" She asked, thinking of how she'd get this past her mother.

"Well, no. As long as you've administered the dosage once a day, everything should work out fine." Issacs explained as he presented her with the case full of the syringe capsules. "Now, may I begin? This should only take about a minute or two."

Alice glanced into the case, on one side was a small syringe gun, and on the other was two full sets of seven capsules full of the drug. One row was blue, the other green. She nodded, and paid careful attention to his instructions on using the syringe gun, then took a calming breath as the first injection went into her arm. After that, he switched out the empty syringe for the other one, then carefully walked around the chair to her other arm. Twenty seconds later, Alice let out a pent up sigh. First day was done. Six more to go.

"Alright, that's it for today." Issacs explained. "Only thing left is to wait about an hour, to check for any adverse effects."

Alice nodded in understanding. "Is there anywhere I should wait, sir?"

"Here, preferably." Issacs indicated the laboratory at large. "Just in case."

Alice nodded again, pulling out her phone and stood up to take a seat out of the way for the next hour.

* * *

><p>After the hour was up, Alice and Issacs spoke to each other once again, this time about how she was feeling after the first dose.<p>

"So far, I only noticed that my hands are shaking a bit. Nothing to severe." Alice held up one hand to show the doctor her unsteady hands - which were usually rather steady.

"I see. Well, we'll keep a record of this. From today, I'd like you to report any new symptoms directly to me. If any of them are debilitating, I'd like you to have someone you trust in the know, for safety purposes. You have my number, correct?"

"Yes, sir. I understand." Alice accepted the small carrying case for the T syringes." It wasn't very big, so she could easily conceal it from the Dragon.

"Excellent. So begins the trial tests. Good luck." He smiled and shook her hand before she left.

* * *

><p>True to their word, the money was in her account by the time Alice got home. She briefly stopped inside to grab her laptop, but on her way out of her apartment, she was stopped by her mother.<p>

"What was that bag you had with you?" Her mother demanded as Alice locked the door behind herself.

"Work stuff." Alice replied. The bag had the Umbrella logo on one side, so that much should've been clear to her mother.

"What kind of work stuff?" Her mother took a step to the side to block Alice from leaving.

"Documents." Alice was getting suspicious. Why did the Dragon give a shit about her job so much?

"Oh, that's right. You're just a pathetic secretary. I forgot." Her mother mocked before narrowing her eyes. "Where are you going?"

"Chris and Claire's." Alice replied. It was her usual response, because she rarely went anywhere else besides work and school.

"What the hell do you see in those incestuous freaks?" Her mother crossed an unspoken line with her comment, and only too late did she realize it.

The next thing that happened went too fast for either of them to comprehend. One second, Alice was scowling at the woman blocking her path, the next, she was storming up the stairs with her mother laying stunned on the floor.

* * *

><p>Alice was fuming. Claire and Chris made it absolutely crystal clear that they didn't have a single thought of incest. They loved her. Not each other. So where the fuck did the Dragon get the idea that they were into each other?!

"She breath fire again?" Claire commented the instant she saw Alice walking up the driveway.

Alice gasped in surprise, startled by Claire's voice. She didn't realize she'd made it all the way to their house already.

For an tiny moment, Claire could've sworn Alice's eyes were a brilliant blue... almost glowing, in fact. But that moment passed as Alice blinked a few times.

"Pretty much her usual shit. Calvin's busy this week with his own job, so she got really nosy about the trial." Alice explained, joining Claire in the open garage where she was knee deep in engine parts of her other lover, a 1969 Charger that had seen better days. She'd been painstakingly been working on the car for the better part of the last six months.

"How'd that go, by the way?" Claire asked, turning a ratchet a few times before wiping her forehead with the back of her hand and turning to face Alice.

Alice explained the process of administering the doses, and the syringe gun, then finished off with Issacs' instructions for the symptoms in case she couldn't report them herself.

"Sounds like fun. So you've got six more sets, right?" Claire asked, wiping her hands clean. Alice nodded in confirmation. "So what colour goes in which side?"

"Green is left, blue is right." Alice explained. "And the compensation money's already in my account, so I was considering we go out with Chris and do something... fun." She shrugged for a moment, unsure of her own thoughts on the word 'fun'.

Claire suddenly glanced over Alice's shoulder and her eyes narrowed. "Dragon's across the street in her car. Don't turn around."

"So now she's stalking me? I told her I'd be here." Alice scowled, and once again, Claire glimpsed that odd blue glow in her eyes before it disappeared. "She's watching me, isn't she?"

"Yeah, she is." Claire replied, then smiled. "We could fuck with her, y'know."

"There's nothing we alone could do, honestly. She crossed the sacred line earlier." Alice adjusted her laptop bag's strap on her shoulder. "Incest." She added when Claire raised an eyebrow.

"Fucking cunt." Claire muttered under her breath. "So, let's go inside, our grandmother came to visit us earlier, she made us a cake." Claire shrugged before walking past the car and reached up to the rope for the garage door.

Alice quickly grabbed it, since she was taller and pulled the door closed, then followed Claire inside, finding Chris already displeased by the presence of the Dragon across the street.

"She followed you..." Chris commented, since he was out of her line of sight behind the blinds. "That woman needs a hobby and a reality check."

"Or a vibrator." Alice commented darkly as she gave Chris a loving kiss. "I have something to tell you, y'mind joining us for that cake?"

Chris nodded in understanding, and joined them in the kitchen.

After Alice finished explaining the T trial, he leaned back in his chair and hummed in thought.

"So, aside from your hands shaking, have you had any other symptoms?" He asked, having noticed the subtle movements while she ate her slice of cake.

"Not yet, it's only been about two hours since I took the dose." Alice shrugged as she ate another piece of cake. "You both know I'm pretty much always hungry, so that's kinda out of the question for a symptom... Insomnia's already there, anxiety's a thing... what else?" She paused to think, but shrugged. "Can't think of anything else that would really be involved."

"We'll probably encounter more along the way." Claire shrugged as well. "So when do you plan to take the dose tomorrow?"

"After I wake up, I guess." Alice replied. "Keeps it out of Dragon

and Limey's sight, and I can better report potential symptoms throughout the day, rather than at night."

Chris nodded in approval, and Claire seemed pleased by the choice. "So, you mentioned doing something fun. Any ideas by what you meant by that?"

"Cake first. Fun after." Alice held up her half eaten slice with a bright smile that truly lit up her usually sombre face.

7. Chapter 7

After two days of the T trial, Claire finally had enough proof to inform Alice of her strange glowing blue eyes. By that time, Alice had developed tinnitis from T, and her shaking hands got a bit more severe.

"So, remember when I got that picture of you yesterday, Princess?" Claire held up her phone as Alice nodded.

"You scared the shit out of me when you did." Alice pouted.

"Well, you kinda have another thing from T." Claire turned her phone around to showcase the instant that she'd captured Alice's strange glowing blue eyes.

Alice stared at the unmodified image for several seconds, coming to terms with it. "That's... oddly sexy. Creepy as fuck, but very sexy."

"I've only really seen it a few times. Mostly when you're startled or pissed off about Dragon." Claire explained. "But yes, it is very creepy and sexy at the same time."

"You think it's permanent?" Alice raised an eyebrow, trying to figure out if it was able to be just a permanent thing, not just the fact of controlling it.

"I'm a mechanic, not a scientist." Claire shook her head slightly. "Should we report this to that scientist guy you report symptoms to?"

"Not yet..." Alice shook her head. "We need more instances. He likes his proof."

"So... I get to take more pictures of you?" Claire held up her phone hopefully, a glint in her eyes. Alice notoriously hated having her picture taken.

"_NO_" Alice immediately snatched the phone out of her hands.

* * *

><p>When Alice came home that evening, she found Calvin and her mother sitting intimately close together in the living room, clearly having just stopped kissing each other when they caught the sound of her walking in the door, which of course, pissed her mother off.<p>

"Where were you?!" She demanded, livid at being interrupted.

"Three guesses." Alice replied smartly. There was literally only three places she ever went on her own; school, work or Chris and Claire's. The only other reason she left the house was errands for her mother.

"Don't you dare take that tone with me!" Her mother stood up and marched across the living room towards Alice, who was still in the process of taking her shoes off.

"Where else do I even go? Stop and think for a second, or are your damn hormones still fogging up your brain?" Alice sneered at her mother, very slightly baring her teeth.

Her mother swung her arm to strike Alice, but instead of an echoing slap, there was a thud as her arm was effortlessly restrained against the wall by Alice's suddenly raised forearm.

"Hormones it is." Alice replied quietly. "By the way, I was with my partners, enjoying a day off from class and work." She leaned in close and whispered quietly. "Next time, try not to make your swing so wide, makes it easier to block."

With that, she released her mother's arm and strode downstairs, a rare, triumphant smirk tugging at her lips.

"I may be wrong, but are her eyes... blue?" Calvin stood up to approach Alice's seething mother, his voice low and full of concern.

"No, that's absurd! She has my eyes, they're green!"

* * *

><p>Alice rubbed her forehead, thinking hard. She'd misplaced the spare batteries for her wireless mouse and couldn't remember where the fuck she last saw them either.<p>

Turning on her heel, she scanned her small bedroom with a careful eye, but found nothing. She checked the drawer of her desk, not there either.

She left her room and checked the few other places in her apartment that the pack of batteries could possibly be located, then let out a slightly frustrated sound. She was getting needlessly anxious, placing the heels of her hands just above her eyebrows as she spun around once again, only to nearly fall backwards onto her ass in panic.

She found the batteries.

* * *

><p>"So, there they were, just... floating behind me. I-I-I... don't know what's going on, it scared me so much." Alice was pacing back and forth in a state of near-panic, holding her cell phone to her ear as she held the batteries in her other hand, staring at them in shock.<p>

"No strings, no bullshit?" Claire hummed in thought. "Fuck, that's some sketchy shit. The brat didn't do it, for sure. This is far above her - almost literally, the little shit."

"It was so convenient too, like, one second I can't find them, next thing I know, they're floating behind me, just like 'Yo, you miss me?' I mean, fuck, it's like I'm psionic or Telekinetic or some shit."

"Tele-what now?" Claire was confused by the unfamiliar terms.

"Oh, um... able to move and use objects with the power of your mind. It's a fantasy magic kinda thing. Like a magic spell... sort of." Alice explained after a moment of centering herself from her erratic pacing. She was getting a bit dizzy, but couldn't bring herself to sit back down after the shock with the incident.

"Sounds like a superpower to me..." Claire commented, to which Alice smiled.

"Yeah, it can be." Alice replied before placing the heel of her hand against her forehead, an odd throbbing beginning to pound against her skull. "I'm gonna need to let you go, I suddenly have a massive headache. Gonna have a nap, see if that'll help."

"Alright, get yourself some water beforehand, okay?" Claire requested, so Alice did just that, downing it and saying goodbye before willing herself to fall face first onto her bed.

She was asleep in minutes. When she woke up later, her head wasn't throbbing as badly, so she had more water in the hopes that it would help.

"ALICE!"

"Oh fuck, here we go..." Alice grumbled as her mother called down the staircase. She marched up the stairs to find her mother standing at the top with Calvin look curiously over her shoulder. "What?"

"Watch Sherry while we're out." Her mother barked the order before turning on her heel to leave, but Alice wasn't having any part of this.

"_No_."

"Excuse... me?" Her mother turned around again, very slowly, her face utterly livid. "What did you just say to me?"

"Back to preschool, are we? I fucking said no." Alice stood her ground, scowling. "How many god damn years is it going to take you to realize that Sherry's not a baby and can take care of herself?"

"Don't you dare take that tone with..."

"I'll take whatever fucking tone I please, woman." Alice's entire presence changed in that split second. Instead of the quiet, timid body language they were used to, she was projecting confidence, dominance and authority, and she even seemed to psychologically tower over them. "So teach your bratty little child how to cook some Mac &

Cheese, clean up after herself and park her ass in front of the TV with Netflix."

"Come now, love, there's no need for that..." Calvin seemed to be trying to put a stop to their arguments, since this was clearly something new for them to fight so much.

"Fuck off, Calvin. You're just her comfort blanket because my father - her husband - decided that incest is win-cest, so now he's serving eleven years behind bars. You'd best back off, Limey."

Calvin turned to her mother, aghast. "Is this true?" He asked quietly, to which Alice laughed.

"Of course it is, dumbass! Want the juicy details, or do you not have enough booze in your system to handle that right now?"

Now it was her mother's turn to get pissed off. "What did yo just say?"

"Let's just say I have connections you never knew existed." Alice smirked cockily at her mother before redirecting her gaze towards Calvin. "He's an alcoholic."

End
file.